PRICE FIVE CENTS

# HAZEITON PIANOS

Read what President Harrison and others say of this justly celebrated Piano:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Mr. Geo. C. Pearson: Dear Sir-I am no musician myself, but my wife and daughter are, who regard the Hazelton Plano as in every respect satisfactory, and they say they could not desire a better instrument.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

INDIANAPOLIS, INd., May 1, 1889. MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:

Dear Sir-It gives me pleasure to testify to the excellency, in every respect, of the beauful Hazelton Upright Piano which I purchased from you. The instrument certainly possesses all the qualities, combined, which constitute a thoroughly perfect piano, making it an instrument to be desired by every lover of music. MRS. JOS. E. McDONALD.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Mr. Geo. C. Pearson: Dear Sir—It affords me great pleasure to say that the Hazelton Bros. Piano, purchased some nine years ago, has given perfect satisfaction in every respect. We have had instruments of other celebrated makes in our house, but none of them proved so satisfactory as the one now in use.

JOHN C. NEW.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 1, 1889.

Dear Sir-My father and myself were engaged in the piano trade for nearly thirty years, and curing that time handled almost all the leading brands of pianos, such as Steinway, Hazelton, Chickering, Knabe and others; but none of them proved so entirely satisfactory in every respect as the Hazelton. Yours Truly, CHARLES SOEHNER.

## THE HAZELTON UPRIGHT PIANO

Is a marvel of sweetness and power, of grace, beauty and brilliancy. Every note is clear as a bell. Every cord is perfect harmony. Every part is evenly balanced. The action is light, firm, elastic, responsive. The scale is scientifically correct and musically perfect, the workmanship the highest skill can make them, and materials are the best.

The remarkable wearing qualities of the celebrated HAZELTON PIANOS are such that after ten or fifteen years of use they show so little signs of wear, and retain their first full, rich quality of tone to such a wonderful extent that they are readily mistaken for new pianos. They are fully warranted for Ten Years, just twice as long as any other firstclass piano. Beautiful new styles for 1890 just received; cases finished in ebony, mahogany, English oak, French burl and Circassian walnut, with beautiful hand-carved and en-

We also carry a full line of the well-known KRAKAUER BROS. and STERLING Pianos, PACKARD and STERLING Organs.

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Our low prices and easy terms are such that no family need be without an instrument Persons at a distance may order with the assurance of receiving just as good an instrument as though present to select for themselves. If not found satisfactory, it may be returned at our expense.

# PEARSON'S MUSIC HOUSE

Nos. 82 & 84 North Pennsylvania St.,

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Fine PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING a specialty. Charges reasonable

FEES ON A STEAMSHIP.

English Stewards Expect to Be Ordered Around and to Be Paid for It.

The fee system is more rigidly enforced on a big Atlantic steamer than anywhere else. It is one of the places where servants will demand their fees, and will tell you the amount which they think you ought to give them. While at restaurants and hotels the warters expect fees for their services, and will hint and make it uncomfortable if they are not paid, they have not gone so far as to tell you that they expect a fee and the amount that they expect. Even the sleeping-car porters do not do that. They will come around at the end of the trip, brush your coat and hat, wrestle you around and run the whisk broom around your trousers' buttons, but it is seldom that they will ask you for any

money, let alone a specific amount. On the Atlantic steamers the stewards expect their fees as a matter of right as much as the steamship company expects pay for your passage. It is possible to avoid paying the fees, as they are not collectable by law, but the passenger who does not pay them will have trouble in getting his luggage off the steamer, and it would be well for him to keep off steamers afterward where any of the servants of that boat are employed. The stewards seem to have some sort of fee guide-book or blacklist of passengers who do not give fees so that they can make them suffer on future trips.

The fees amount to about 10 per cent. of the voyage money. Certain fees are regularly fixed and are expected, irrespective of the cost of the stateroom or the style in which a man travels, while certain other fees depend on the style. For an ordinary passenger there are fees to be given to the stateroom steward, the saloon steward, the deck steward, the smoking-room steward and the barber and bathman. The fee to the steward who looks after your stateroom is about \$2.50. The steward who waits on you at the table expects the same fee. The deck steward, for bringing you an occasional drink and looking after your steamerchair and rugs, expects 5 shillings, but he will take half a crown. The smoking-room steward expects 5 shillings, and if you are in the smoking-room a great part of the trip he feels that he is entitled to as much as the stateroom steward or your waiter. A bath every day on the way over can be had for a 5-shilling fee.

These rates are fixed by long custom. The stewards can tell whether a man understands the rates and will pay up at the end of the trip. If they do not think that he will, they give him hints, from time to time, until they get some assurance on his part that he recognizes the obligation of the fee system. If they think he will not pay he will have a hard time of it. He will find that his stateroom is not well made up; that he does not get care when he is seasick; that he is served last at the table, and does not get the things that he ordered; that the wrong drinks and cigars come to him in the smoking-room, and that his steamer chair is constantly lost. The servants are as effective as seasickness in

making a man's trip miserable These fees are not to be paid until the last day of the trip, that is, on the way over until arriving at Queenstown, if the passengers do not go on through to Liverpool. The servants speedily find out at which place a passenger will get off. If an American is making his first trip they are pretty sure to know it. It is advisable for him, in that case, to tell his state-room steward and his waiter that he will give them the regular fee at the end of the trip if they serve him properly, and that if they do not they will not get a cent. If he tells them this in the proper way he will get as

ood service as the man who has been ove a dozen times before. The last morning of the trip the statethe passenger does not offer it, the steward suggests that it is customary to give him a fee, and that the regular fee is half a sovereign. If anything less is offered him, and he thinks he can get a half sovereign by refusing to accept less, he will at once hand the proffered sum back, and say in an insolent way that he never takes anything less than the regular fee. With many passen-

the tone extract the ten shillings. The saloon steward does the same thing. The stewards work in with each other, and if a man succeeds in avoiding the state-room steward, the saloon steward will ask him for both himself and the state-room steward. As a man cannot get off the ship until it stops, there is no way of escaping these demands, which will be repeated during the last day of the trip until the victim

Minister Mizner's Home Record,

Lansing B. Mizner, United States minister to Guatemala, was a former resident of this city, and was a step-son of General Semple. who was at one time minister to Bogota, United States of Colombia. While a young man Mizner made two trips to Central America, and there learned to speak the Spanish language. During his residence here he was an active politician. About thirty-five years ago Mizner, with the semple family, went to the Pacific coast. The Semples went to Washington Territory, but Mizner remained in California. He became a prominent Republican politician and ran for Lieutenant-governor, to which position he was elected. He was on the Harrison and Morton electoral ticket in 1888, and was appointed to carry the electoral vote to Washington. Mizner was a nephew of the late Mrs. R. K. McLaughlin, of this city, who was a daughter of Govern or Bond, the first executive of the State of llinois. He is a half-brother of Mrs. Edgar Ames and Mrs. Scott, two of St. Louis's oldest and most influential families. Mizner also served as interpreter for General Wool in the Mexican war.

A Giant Out of the Show Business.

Oklahoma City Chief. J. W. Patterson, the tallest man known in the world, excepting the Chinese giant Chang, will make Oklahoma City his home. Mr. Patterson stands seven feet seven inches in his stocking feet, and is twentyseven years old. He has traveled with a number of the best shows in the country for the past eight or ten years, and is well fixed in this world's goods. About a year ago, he married, and has decided to settle down and take life easy. He owns considerable property in this city, and, as soon as he returns from the East, will begin the erection of a fine residence. A couple of months ago his wife presented him with pair of strapping boys, of which Mr. Patterson is immensely boastful. Mrs. Patterson is larger than the average woman, being nearly six feet high and weighing over two hundred pounds.

The Public Not Protected.

Brooklyn Eagle. Here is an explicit contention that the employes of a road should be made to share the responsibility of the officers, and that their obligation should be enforced by proper penalties. Until this is done the public can have no sufficient guarantee of uninterrupted traffic or travel. A few men holding places of great responsibility, such as engineers or switchmen, can at any moment, by concerted action, temporarily derange a vast transportation system, in spite of the utmost vigilance and wisdom on the part of the management. They are encouraged to do so by the absence of any law making such a violation of the rights of the public a penal offense.

Godkin Is Partly Right.

Kansas City Times. Mr. E. L. Godkin attributes the reaction toward protection since the Franco-Prussian war to the entrance of the working classes into a larger share in government. of Europe during the first two-thirds of the century believe in removing trade re-strictions as much as ever, he thinks, but the readjustment of political initiative has brought in a new element which must learn that people cannot sell without buying.

On Time. Washington Post.

"You must do your work on time," said the proprietor of the firm to an employe.
"I do," was the reply. "The concern is in debt to me for three weeks' work now." by her till the idea came to have them

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Graceful and Stylish Costumes in Which Femininity Will Shortly Be Arrayed.

The Variety Is Large, the Goods of the Best Quality, and the Styles Attractive-Timely Hints About Floors and Carpets.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

A very graceful walking toilet is figured this week, showing the stylish costume for September, a pale cloth dress with long coat or polonaise of the same material, open to show the surplice waist and many-folded sash of silk. The original is the palest mushroom serge, thicker than that worn for the last three months, fine camel's hair cheveron twill, or fine cloth half finished, not so glossy as broadcloth, yet very smooth The gown has the simple English skirt, which is most appropriate for walking, the front width having three wide flat bands of guipure embroidery in silk of a faint lavender shade, together with the mushroom tint, with lavender velvet laced in and out between the bands. The waist is plain in the back with surplice folds showing the neck. The overdress is close fitting, but shaped by the seam under arm without darts, which are needless, as the fronts do not meet at all, and are held together only by the folded band which imitates a sash. The wide lavender frill, which does duty for a shoulder cape, is satin serge or velvet, as liked. The deep forearm cuffs in many even folds are the same, and folds of satin serge show in the slashings of the full upper sleeve. The walking hat is very sensible, shading the face well enough to dispense with the irritating parasol, which is de trop past mid-summer. The only virtual excuse ever given for a parasol three-fourths the year was that of a very nice young woman, that she liked to have something in her hands to think of. The parasol is the ruin of grace in walking, for no woman can move with a firm, free carriage when she has to bear a canopy or pavition to shade her sacred features, and must adjust it with respect to every other pavilion she meets. But it is enough on the subject, for women are quite prepared to exchange the routine of masculine life for their own, but not to give up the cumbersome parasol. The fixed idea of custom must be credited to the god of flies; the more use-less, tiresome thing they are the more im-possible to get rid of them.

The second figure will also be pronounced stylish and in thorough keeping. The lines of satin roleaux or of ribbon velvet, or heavy flat silk braid, relieve the light cloth skirt just enough, and the waist, with its slight elegant braiding, its pointed belt in front joining the basque back is one to make the best of any rounded figure. The velvet sleeves, gathered by a leaf of passementerie in a tressy puff, suggest a good way to remodel plain coat sleeves by adding this puffed strap and ornament. The old-fashioned caps and turned-back flaring cuffs to sleeves appear in the last designs, but they destroy a beauty of an arm too completely to be encouraged. New gowns in lighter wools, auburn cashmeres and barred poplins have the plain long round skirt finished by scallops, embroidered in the piece, but preferably bound in silk braid, not coat-binding.

The continental house gowns have a look

of Polish or Russian taste, with their half-Oriental lapping fronts, damasked over-dress, and loose, long girdles. They recall Marie Bashkirtseff and Ouida's bewitching. naughty countesses from the Black sea provinces. These soft-eyed, childish, submissive. cultivated women are the type most opposed to our painfully bright, half-taught American girls, who always seem charged ready to explode. The very graceful way of wearing the hair, which went out thirty years ago, reappears in the knot of rich curls falling at the back of the head, a style charming in young women no long-

OVERDRESSES AND JACKETS. The cloth overdress, which it is the fashion to call the pelisse, very simply made without braiding or trimming, is the style as long as autumn lasts, but it is diversified by large collars, frills and capes of heavy satin, almost kid-like in thickness, or velvet, in contrast to the color of the garment. These additions will be in rich colors to give life to the costume: collars deep as those worn in suits armor, or collar-like capes will be seen in bronze green plush on tawny cloth, or blood-red velvet on russet, or purple or pale brown and fawn. The crimson velvet cape is chosen by young women when additional warmth is needed, sharp fall afternoons, in driving. Later, velvet ackets, very plain but admirably cut, or small velvet mantles with long stole-like ends will be worn, in tones to shade with the dress. A copper poult de soie with acket of red brown velvet, or a beige cloth lress with copper velvet jacket are stylish. the hat in all cases being of the same vel vet. Feather trimming very full and much ourled will replace the passementerie and embroidery for out-door dresses. It is worn round the neck and down the fronts of mantles and jackets, like a boa, but without bordering the garment all round Velvet sleeves, velvet yokes, collars, and velvet showing between the widths of the skirt two-thirds the way up, are seen in the newest dresses.

Flowered patterns and fancy stripes are in favor, and floral stripes and figures are formed in materials never seen put in plain colors before. A tan-colored Vienna cloth has long garlands in copper, red and gold, which with yoke and girdle of copperbrown plush is very rich coloring for an in-door gown. Printed silky alpacas and mohairs are pretty enough to console one for not being able to wear the stiff gorgeous brocades. Figured delaines, cashmeres and cape cloths are beautiful in color as the Japanese silk capes, and almost vie with them in softness. Sacques and aprons are quietly resuming their places in a lady's wardrobe. These comfortable, convenient things may be as fanciful and elegant, or as nice and tasteful as one pleases. and they add a home look to the dress. Aprons are of washing silk in plain colors, lavender, violet and soft blue choice, hemmed with brierstich and running down the seams, beside which pocket and frill on the lower edge may be of white lace. Or the frill is of two-inch ribbon, one satin edge showing as finished. Black silk aprons in the softest flossy faille, or the silk serge, nearly endlessly, are embroidered in gay colors above the hem, on handkerchief pocket, and pointed band, which fastens behind by a plain jet buckle and long, wide satin ril bons. Aprons of white linen, with bands of drawn work, are for dainty housekeepers, and the fancies run in red twill, blue linen, and gray, with a little embroidery in white and the same color in washing cotton or linen floss. Regular working aprons for housekeeping and gardening, look notable and artistic in honeycomb crash, three widths joined by red and blue veining stitch on the seams, with red and blue or orange and brown border. These protect the dress completely from rubs against cooking utensils, sink or rose briars, and can be washed easily and done up without starch. An artistic housekeeper is so thoroughly charmed with the serviceable linen that she has designed a workingdress of it, loose enough to slip on and off easily, and the material being heavy enough to need no lining, and the seams finished

what a complete convenience it is for real work, in studio or pantry, which one woman calls her "pie studio." ODDS AND ENDS. A woman who has several black silk skirts which gave out together, as entirely as the deacon's one-horse shay, past hope of revival, was exercised to find some use for

woven with bright colors, as the silk-scrap portieres are made. But, in place of hanging them on the walls, they are to serve as a new sort of bed-covering instead of quilts, being very light and almost as soft as down comfortables. A thin washing blanket is laid over the sheet, then one or more of these woven scrap-comfortables goes under the spread, and a light, deliciously warm cover is the result. Handsome ones, shot in the gold, orange, russett and crimson, frayed wool being used for coloring if silk is scarce, will answer for lounge blankets. Many ladies will be pleased with some sort of use for worn-out silk, hitherto most useless of materials. The prettiest way of making it useful, however, is a tedious one. The scraps are all joined, frayed on both edges half an inch, and drawn up by the center into a thick fine chenille, very handsome for fringes, or, if one ever had enough of it, for the cord draperies in doorways. One can hardly imagine how beautiful the work is, or how elegant a door curtain of

work is, or how elegant a door curtain of this sort can be.

An admirable invention for covering floors is the tiled floorcloth, one of the oxidized paint series like linoleum, lincrusta and linspar. It is an English manufacture, the material a kind of solid paint, which shows the same color through its quarter inch of thickness. It comes in the best tile patterns and mellow colors of burnt tiles, yellow brown harmonizing with dark brown and brownish red or faint slaty blues and red with ochre yellow or brilliant Byzantine patterns. The material is really tile work, checks and pieces of the solidified paint fitted together, and must be perfectly damp proof, warm and silent, work is, or how elegant a door curtain of be perfectly damp proof, warm and silent, which burnt tiles are not. The tile-cloth comes in pieces two yards wide and twenty comes in pieces two yards wide and twenty yards long, and must be nearly indestructible. In houses with floors as poorly laid as they are in most American dwellings, it is a serious matter to get them artistically covered, to be warm and yet dust-proof, agreeable to the head and not requiring to be taken up every year, or changed in five years' wear. For halls, passages, dining and sleeping-rooms, studios and nurseries, the tile cloth is admirable. Until we have inventions to sling chairs and cabinets in the air while carpets are anonymously rolled up, removed, cleansed and put down again, they will remain the occasion of much unhealthiness main the occasion of much unhealthiness in the household, not more by their absorp-tion of everything wicked in the way of dust and smells, than by the tasking drudgery of keeping them swept. The hardest work in a servant's routine is sweeping thick carpets. It strains more muscles offers more dangerous dust and flue to inhale than all the other work on a floor. Rugs, if of any size, are a delusion, for a half-sized Smyrna mat is as heavy as a whole carpet, and the beating they get at the hands of genteel housemaids is careful not to disturb the body of dust. Inlaid floors are costly to lay and to keep in order, as they must be wiped and polished more or less daily, or they are as delightful as a piano case with the dust on. Few floors are good enough to bear the dark paint and shellac which makes the most satisfactory cheap finish, clear and handsome as polished black oak, at the expense of sweeping with a damp mop daily, which is as easy as dusting the piano-lid aforesaid, and revarnishing once in six months at 30 cents a room. It is cheap, letting the household off so much drudgery, dust and discomfort, plus the brilliant clean effect. But few floors are smooth enough to be satisfactorily polished this way, and in preparing for comfort in win-ter the wise housekeeper finds nothing available so warm, soundless and pleasant in every way but one as the thick, plain corticine, a quarter inch through, and feeling to the foot much like elastic soleleather. If there could be some way of decorating it, in East India colorings

for instance, dying it right through, in patterns, without the tac-tao left by a painted surface, and without gloss, it would be an ideal floor covering. Carpets are mere dust and disease traps, and the sooner we get rid of them the better. Cotton carpets of fast dve, firm weaving and good design would be far better than wool ones, which have a fatal property of absorbing everything they should not. FANCY FAIRS-HINTS FOR GIRLS.

The season of fancy fairs is not far distant, and veteran managers are planning for attractions as far ahead as managers of the theatrical sort. The newest diversion in English and continental fairs is the cafe chantant, in a separate room, where ladies of condition get themselves up as much like Judic and the music hall stars as possible, and from a music stage charm the audience with the airs and graces of those singers. It is strictly correct, being imitation naughtiness only, and safe for bishop's wife to attend, and it is surprising how closely the daughters of careful houses reproduce the "fetching" effects of the variety stage. If the Spanish dance, a la Carmencita could only be put on the dais in the up-stairs rooms at Pottier and Stymus's for the neat hospital fair, how many ladies from Tuxedo and elsewhere would be found equal to filling the role, how it would draw! If Tuxedo could not furnish girls able to reproduce Carmencita's glances and poses, Vassar and Wellesley could. For a good cause, Boston, now, for example, does not require such high spiced bills of fare. Two things you can depend on hearing at any public or semi-public occasion there. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe reads her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and tells how it came to be written, and Mrs. somebody else gives a whist-ling solo. They had them at the Woman's Relief Corps meeting in Tremont Temple, Grand Army week, and were to have them at a lawn party the day before -or was it a reading of poetry in place of whistling? I heard a good, pious woman tell of a Chicago mission Sunday-school, where, of an afternoon, a man and his wife played the cornet together, and another woman gave a whistling exhibition. Tha was to draw the masses, and I should think

A nice girl wishes to know if it will be proper for her to ride a bicycle or tricycle alone in Central Park, as she is very fond of the exercise, needs it, and has no one to go with her. If she had only written Mr. Ward McAllister about the matter she would stand a chance of an opinion she could fall back on. It is morally certain that most city circles who want to be nice would promptly declare it improper for a young lady to ride anything in the park unattended. But I am not sure that Mr. McAllister, surveying the situation, of needed outdoor exercise and the impossibility in certain wide circles outside his own of always commanding the escort of a father, a brother, or a groom as escort, and calling on the clear common sense which marks his decisions, would not tell her to put on a plain gown, go out in the forencom or early afternoon before the park is filled with riders, and behave like a good girl, at tending strictly to her own business. There

must be care to preserve these outdoor lib erties for women, which mean so much to their health and spirits. We can't afford to have our nice middle class girls hampered by the hallucinations of the upper circle concerning the indis pensability of chaperons and escorts if girl goes out in plain daylight. If we do the middle-class girls may turn out as badly as some of the upper ones. They may cling to their formal proprieties-they seem to need them-for chaperons, escorts, grooms and footmen don't seem to keep them from coming to grief often. But cycling is so fascinating and needed a sport, worth all the gymnastics and gymnasia in the country for development of health and activity. that the good sense of the community, or the better part of it, should protect women in that and all other needful and gracious berty. But you want to use freedom without abusing it. You want to dress quietly, not to draw attention, and I do not think the blue-striped flannel skirt, with cream Zouave jacket covered with gilt buttons, depicted by a woman rider in a cycling paper, at all ladylike or quiet. It could be seen a mile ahead and would of itself say to any man rider "follow me." No wonder the lady rider complained of men racing her wheel in Fairmont Park. A cycling habit should be severely plain as a riding habit, all one grave color and not a thread of white trimming or a gilt button about it, and for good taste no jockey cap with its slangy suggestions, but an English gipsy hat, small but shading the face well. In a quiet dress—ne nonsense of divided skirt-keeping herself to herself, attending strictly to her own business, a girl is safer

leave the ambition of "breaking records" entirely alone. It is altogether too easy for a foolish vanity to ruin one's health for life by riding too many miles a day, and so bring disrepute on a most delightful and graceful sport.

Shirley Dare.

THE BUILDING OF WASHINGTON, Some Plans of the Founders Were Never Realized and Some Were Outgrown. Harper's Weekly.

It was not until 1796 that the tempest-tossed Congress of the thirteen Colonies saw the first evidences of the federal city that excited the mirth of the wits, the forebodings of the timid. The circumference of the city as it now spreads out under the great dome is greatly contracted from the imposing dimensions orginally laid out by the engineer L'Enfant. Where the superb Patent Office now stretches in marble majesty, the poetic Frenchman, inspired by recent events in Paris, had marked the site for a national tabernacle, where national events were to be religiously com-memorated, where national obsequies were to be celebrated, and the dead were to be celebrated, and the dead honored by the country were to be buried and their monuments be perpetuated—a sort of Pantheon to the glories of the Republic. Two columns of majestic proportions were to rise at specified distances from the Capitol, the one representing in bronze and granite the memorabilia of the seven-years' war from Lexington to Yorktown, the other such prodigies by sea as in ten years had made our little navy a rival of Britain's. The streets running eastward from the Capitol were to be continuous arcades, like the sequestered alcoves of Bologna and Venice. Between the Capitol and the President's residence were to be Elysian fields, and palatial dwellings for the foreign embassadors, and the public buildings. But even at that early day "rings" and "jobs" found their account. The indignant Frenchman, beset on all sides by venal legislators and self-seeking jobbers, threw up his commission in disdain, bers, threw up his commission in disdain, and the city as it stands was perfected by Andrew Ellicott. In 1792 five hundred dollars in gold were offered, without restriction as to calling, to the citizen who should send in the accepted design for the President's house! Five hundred dollars and a lot in the new city, or a gold medal were offered for the best design for the Capitol. To a generation that has become familiar with the sums annually voted for postoffices and custom-houses in Plumville and Pumpkintown, our forefathers will seem thrifty indeed, embarking upon citybuilding with a grant of \$19,200 from the States of Virginia and Maryland. This was supplemented by a national lottery, for which 50,000 tickets were sold! Sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty were to draw prizes, the capital one being a hotel which was to cost \$50,000! The price of a ticket was \$7, and the prizes ranged from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars Nor need the student of current morals and manners, depressed by the laxity of our times, wholly despond, when he remembers that the lottery was made use of a hundred years ago not only in the building of our national Capitol. Churches, schools, colleges, even Harvard itself, were indebted to the wheel for moneys to secure their usefulness! In 1796 the President's house and the Capitol were the only evidences of a city where the traveler now sees squares and monuments, edifices and gardens that eclipse Paris and Vienna in beauty and taste. When the lottery failed, and the sums voted by Virginia and Maryland gave out, Washington was less of a city than the humblest suburb of Jersey City or Brook-lyn. Three hundred thousand dollars were asked by the commissioners to go on with the work, and the country was distracted by such profligate outlay. The press of the time thundered against such wasteful ex-

In 1800 the capital was a sore trial to men accustomed to the homely comforts of New England and New York. There was but one good tavern in the town. The members of Congress were herded together in a few mean tenements like soldiers in a barrack. Land was rated at 25 cents a square foot, the speculators holding for a rise! The residents were mostly negroes, or shiftless vagabonds, thrown out of regular industry by the visions of sud-den city-making. Though the whole city was covered with wood, Mrs. Adams, the wife of the first President who took up his residence in Washington, could secure none for the grates of the White House. The house required thirty servants to keep it in order, and all the food had to be brought from Baltimore, Georgetown or Alexandria. Gouverneur Morris, writing to the Princess de la Tour et Taxis, in December, 1800, says, sportively: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women and other trifles of this kind to make our city perfect; for we can walk here as in the fields and woods, and considering the hard frost the air of the city is very pure. If, then, you are desirous of coming to live in Washington, I hasten to assure you that freestone is very abundant here; that excellent bricks can be burned; that there is no lack of sites for magnificent hotels; that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to the place. In short, that it is the very best city in the world for future resi-

TOO MUCH INDEPENDENCE. acteristic Not in Good Taste.

Some Manifestations of the American Char-Oliver Wendell Holmes, I confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of lords and knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without these unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar, and as it seems to me rude way of speaking of our fellow-citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a President of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank Pierce. In the first place, I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Frank lin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much in the style of Cowper's unpleasant ac-

The man who hails you Tom or Jack, And proves by thumping on your back How he esteems your merit.

should not like to hear our past chief mag strates spoken of as Jack Adams or Jin Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have reconciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson, So, in spite of "Ben" Johnson, "Tom' Moore and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow-citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adults rather than by the free-and easy school-boy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Sever our "Cracked Teacup," says they sound to him like "fugues played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence. we understand by that term the getting ri of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when the question was asked, "Who reads an American book? we may consider it pretty well es If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining word at will, self-revelation unrestrained by sense of what is decorous, declamations in which everything is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reade must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence which all the virile trampling audacity of man fail to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and everything in our huge hemisphere. Young America is like a | hoods, you can see little clusters of chilthree-year-old colt, with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to roll. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll,-let him roll!

on a bicycle than on foot in the park, provided she knows how to ride well. She has no business in a public place till she has mastered ber wheel, and then she wants to bushel

NOTES FROM THE GREAT CITY

Pounding a Man's Feet with a Club Not a Sure Cure for Skull Fracture.

Luck in Being Born Blind-A Kindergarten for Gamblers-Sights When a Steamer Arrives -Wear What You Please on Broadway.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal

NEW YORK, Sept. 5 .- During the last few years a number of cases wherein innocent sick people have been found in the streets and locked up on a charge of drunkenness have occurred in this city. It is not an uncommon thing to read of a man being clubbed on the feet to make him get up and "move on." The other day a man thus treated died in a prison cell. He had not only been clubbed, arrested and locked up for intoxication, but had been also arraigned, tried and convicted for it. He was then sentenced to ten days, and was chucked into a cell and died there before twenty-four hours. It was then discovered that he had not been drunk at all, but was suffering from a broken skull. The pressure of the fractured skull upon the brain made him dizzy and unable to talk coherently, even to give his residence. This same examination by the prison surgeon at the time of the arrest would have resulted in saving the man's life. A more sickening miscarriage of justice could scarcely be conceived. A stranger is clubbed and robbed in a public place in a great city. The robbers get away with their booty, leaving their victim unconscious on the sidewalk. A policeman comes along, kicks at the man, and tells him to get up and move on. The stranger murmurs incoherently, but doesn't get up. The policeman concludes at once that he is drunk, and being drunk, needs a good waking up, so he applies the usual remedy adopted such cases-clubs him smartly on the feet. It is said that, order to reach the brain effectively, through the spinal chord nothing is more efficacious than smart raps on the soles of the feet. This was a favorite mode of religious awakening used in Cromwell's time. It served to jog many a man's memory in the Inquisition. Our own police officials have discovered that a night-stick applied to the soles of an unconscious man's feet will usually, to use a bucolic phrase, "fetch him to his milk," unless the man is dead, when no satisfactory results are obtained. In this case the foot torture only served to jumble the poor victim's brain the more, for try as much as he could he was unable to stand or talk connectedly, and could only cast appealing glances at his blueinquisitor, who forthwith threw him into an express wagon carted him to the stationhouse. Even the highway robbers who had "slugged" the man thus treated must, seeing this, have repeated and resolved to lead a virtuous and honest life thereafter. Thrown on the cold stone floor of a foulsmelling station-house cell, whence the victim was raised next morning to be dragged before a magistrate, was the next chapter of this story of metropolitan life. I say dragged advisedly, for the prisoner still required the support of two officers in order to stand alone, and was thus arraigned with the long string of common drunks swept in from the gutters over night. The fact that he could not talk connectedly or give any account of himself was accepted by the sitting justice as prima facie evidence that the charge of drunkenness was correct, and it didn't take more than a minute to give the man ten days. The man nearly fell to the floor as he was led away. A few hours afterward and he was a corpse. Then the remarkable discovery was made that he was not intoxicated, but had a fractured skull! That man might have been any one of you who come to visit New York. The bare fact that such a thing is possible is enough to make a man shudder. Yet it is not only possible—it has occurred a number of times, and will probably be repeated again and again as time rolls on. The number of people who "take stock in luck cannot be fairly estimated by the

proportion of people of good education and hard sense to those without. Every other woman living believes in luck, and every man of sporting proclivities has his super stition. There is one man who does business on Broadway who is not superstitious neither bets nor speculates, who has sensible ideas about luck, and works these for all they are worth. He is the well-known blind beggar with the dog. He usually operates on the corner of Thirty-third street, where Sixth avenue runs into Broadway a spot convenient for sports, male and fe-male. He ostensibly sells matches and pencils. At least he is licensed as a street peddler. But he is really a professional street beggar. During the racing season he works the Broadway corner near the Brower House, a resort for sporting men. And he does a good business. A quarter or half-dollar to the blind man "for luck" is one of the most popular expressions of superstition of gamblers and fast people generally. They don't think it necessary to hunt one up, but to pass on without a gift is sure to be followed by bad luck. The economical sport may go around the other way, or give only a penny, but he does not dare pass the man and dog with out something, otherwise he better let the supposed winners alone for that day. And then the fast women who parade this part of Broadway at night, and the actors and actresses who go that way by day-all chi in their contributions to the old blind man's till. It almost seems lucky for him to have been born blind. Mayor Grant never said "I am a Demo-

crat," but he is very democratic in his hab its. Anybody who has business with him will find no difficulty in obtaining a personal interview. He is quite as accessible during business hours as is any Mayor of country town. Though the Mayor of New York is about as important a personage as the average Governor of a State, and has vastly more patronage within his disposal than fourth-fifths of the Governors in the United States, yet he is not surrounded by the network of red tape that hedges in these executives. When he is through his day's work-and it is a day's work, too, that would try the patience and ability of the best man to the utmost—he often rides home in a street-car. Getting off the elevated at Forty-second street he takes the boulevard surface cars for his residence on the West Side. He joins the great mixed throng that goes that way in the late afternoon, and reads the evening papers on his way home. He is always neaty and tastefully dressed, wears a straight brimmed straw-hat, and while not one in a car-load of people know that he is Mayor of this great city, he is every inch a gentleman. He is a rich man-rich enough to make five thousand dollar birthday presents to his god-daughter Flossie Croker, but you wouldn't suspect it from his ap-pearance. He is handsome and young, but the admiring glances of the ladies are apparently lost on him. He appears to quite enamored of his present bride-The race of gamblers is not likely to die

out for want of early training in games of chance. In almost any street in this city. even in the most fashionable neighbordren between the ages of six and twelve years playing dice, pitching pennies and cigarette cards. This goes on plainly in view on the sidewalk. You walk around these young gamblers, for they will not move for you, and wonder if this is the kindergarten for the future bulls and bears Retter Times in Kansas.

Wichita Eagle.

It took five bushels of corn to get into a circus in Kansas last summer. This summer you can get into the main tent, stay to the concert, go to the side-show, and get a picture of the Circasian beauty, all for one wisitors, too, and it is a very clover policeman who can successfully raid the game. I correct

The latter is usually located midway down the block, and this allows ample time to The latter is usually located midway down the block, and this allows ample time to rake in the paraphernalia before a "cop" can round the corner. While regular poker dice throwing or matching pennies usually constitutes the game, and as much fun is extracted from a few pennies as from a stack of dollar chips at the Saratoga Club, a favorite game is also played with the little picture-cards that come in cigarette boxes. This is where the urchins are not wealthy enough to risk pennies. The cigarette cards are pitched at a line drawn across the walk, or at a crack or against a buildin one boy after another taking his turn. The one who gets nearest the mark scoops up all the cards and tosses them up, taking what pictures fall uppermost for his winnings. The owner of the second nearest card gathers up what are left and throwa them into the air, and the pictures uppermost are his. The losers go out of the game cussing their luck and the winners carry away the paper boodle. Some of these boys can minipulate the little cards in the air almost as skillfully as the magician Herrmann.

The surface roads have the patent table switches. They consist of an iron table within and one without the tracks, one balancing the other. As a good many lines use the same track here and there these switches are turned this way and that every minute, the operation being performed by causing one horse to tread upon this or the other table. Coming down street the other day on the front platform of a surface car I noticed the driver looking another way as a paragraphed one of of a surface car I noticed the driver looking another way as we approached one of these switches. The switch was turned the wrong way, and while I was wondering whether I was on the wrong car or we would soon be on the wrong track, the old white horse on the near side shoved his fellow outside the tracks upon the right table, skillfully avoiding the inside plate himself by a half hop, skip and jump, and we went around the corner all right and flying. That beat any trained horse I ever saw, because it was practical and had been picked up by a despised and generally executed animal—the street-car horse.

If you would witness an interesting sight, go down to the Cunard pier in the early morning when a big steamer comes in. Say the vessel arrives out-that is, off Sandy Hook-too late to get her berth the night before. If she doesn't get to quarantine before 4 o'clock the health officer will not board her, and she must wait that official's pleasure. The morning papers announce her arrival out, so the first thing in the morning the relatives and friends—husbands, wives, children, sweethearts-begin to flock down to the pier. Some have doubtless passed a sleepless night, some have come down before getting anything to eat. You can see them slipping into the nearest eatinghouses along the docks to repair the mis-take. It is 7 o'clock before the custom-house officials begin to arrive. By this time the extremity of the dock is crowded with a motley group of anxious and hap-pily-excited people. A rope stretched across prevents the oversolicitous from going overboard to meet the expected ones. The boxes, and barrels, and coils of rope are occupied by the more youthful portion of the crowd. All eyes are strained toward the Narrows for the first glimpse of the incoming steamer, now and then being turned upon a prominent young man with a glass. Pretty soon-some one cries, "There she is!" And then an eager buzz and chatter runs over all, and necks are craned and twisted to the extent of their flexibility. A few minutes more and the huge hull looms up half a mile away. The people can be seen lining the the rails next to the city. The captain is pacing up and down the bridge. A man on the dock ties his handkerchief to his cane, and waves this flag of truce aloft. In-stantly a hundred white spots flutter above and along the ship's rails. You can see their faces now. Every person on the dock thinks some particular face or handkerehief is for him or her, and begins to wave something—anything—frantically. Five hundred hand-kerchiefs respond from the ship. The eyes of the expectant ones sparkle, and snap, and glisten with the heaven-born dew o love! She slows down now and her head moves slowly 'round—how very slowly!—in mid stream. A tug puts its puny nose against the great ship's prow and pushes, and kicks, and splashes, and snorts, being joined now in the good work by another tug at the stern on the other side, and 'round the Cunarder comes, gently forging ahead alongside of the pier. As she enters there is dear Frank, and Charley, and grandma, and Susie, and mother, and Uncle Will, and Cousin Joe, and papa, and brother Sam and all the rest along the ship's rails, throwing kisses and glances of endearment down upon the loving groups thirty feet below, on the pier-head. In a few minutes they pour down the gangways and mingle their laughter and tears of joy and gratitude. It is a lovely sight, indeed!

You can see more curious costumes on Broadway than in any other city in the Union, and I know of no place in the world where they attract less attention. You can wear what you please. If you are in white flannel, flaming sash, polka-dot hat and patent-leather pumps, it will be just the same as if you wore homespun jeans, a slouched hat and cowhide boots. Nobody will notice you particularly. Or, you may go as a Turk, in loose trousers and fez; or, as a Chinaman, with your shirt outside of the trousers and wooden shoes; or, as a Texas cowboy, with leather leggins, beads on the side of your trousers and a Mexican sombrero with bugles on the brim. It does not matter. In any other city a strange or bazarre costume will provoke disagreeable comment, attract a mob of boys, at least incite embarrassing manifestations of surprise and disapproval in some shape; nobody pays any attention to such things on Broadway. It is thoroughly cosmopolitan. There are sections of New York city, however, quite as provincial as any inland country village. To perambulate the streets of such sections in any other guise than that of a native is to invite the most disagreeable consequences. Even a moderately well-dressed man will be hooted as a "dude," and as for any departure from the rules of attire to which the particular locality has been accustomed, well, you'd better be somewhere else. You are likely to be pelted with rotten vegetables, or jostled, or licked. Localities differ as to what are objectionable features. What is common in one will be stoned in another There is a good deal of disputing about tastes, in spite of the old Latin saw, except on Broadway. Here alone men and women may wear what they choose with-CHAS. T. MURRAY.

Tolstoi's False Views of Women. Col. B. G. Ingersoll, in North American Review. The story of the "Kreutzer Sonata" seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that woman is at fault; that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful; and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the pose of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, and for the dimples in her cheeks. The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true. It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true that the soul, the mind, in some wondrous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that the man or woman thinking high thoughts will give, necessarily, a nobility to expression and a beauty to outline. It is not true that the sins of man can be laid justly at the feet of woman. Women are better than men; they have greater responsibilities; they bear the burdens of joy. This is the real reason why their faults are considered greater. Men and women desire each other, and this desire is a condition of civilization, progress and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes; in man this desire is the foundation of love, while in woman love is the foundation of this desire.

Correcting a Contemporary.

The Independent.